backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not Iule? *It ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Iuli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee marryed once. I haue my wiſh.*

Old La. Marry that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be marryed?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre, were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well thinke of Marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count,
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his Loue.

Nurſe. *A man yong Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.*

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not ſuch a flower,

Nurſe. *Nay, hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read ore the volume of yong *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with beauties Pen,
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content:
And what obſcurde in this faire Volume lyes,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To beautifie him, onely lackes a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the Sea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in gold clapſes, locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By

By hauing him, making your ſelfe no l
Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women
Old La. Speake briefely can you lik
Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking lik
But no more deepe will I endart myne
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to m
Seruing. Madam, the gueſts are com
cald, my yong Lady askt for, the N
and euery thing in extremitie: I muſt h
you follow ſtraight.
Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Cou
Nurſe. Goe gyrle, ſeeke happie nig

Enter Romeo, Mercurio, Benuolio
Maskers, Torch-be

Romeo. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſp
Or ſhall we on without Apologie?
Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixi
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood-winckt wi
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of Lath
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper
But let them meaſure vs by what they w
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be
Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for
Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt h
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dan
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of lea
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot mo
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cu*
And ſore with them aboue a common b
Romeo. I am too ſore enpearced with
To ſoare with his light feathers, and ſo
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie burthen doe I ſinke.
Mercu. And to ſinke in it ſhould yo
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)